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Goblin Romance



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By the same Author.

S Y B I L,
A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.

1 Vol., 12mo.

FAITH AND FANCY.

1 Vol. 12mo.

E V A :

A GOBLIN ROMANCE,

IN FIVE PARTS.

BY

JOHN SAVAGE,

AUTHOR OF "SYBIL, A TRAGEDY," "FAITH AND FANCY,"
ETC., ETC.



NEW YORK:

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1865.

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TO

ROBERT SHELTON MACKENZIE, D. C. L.

MY DEAR DOCTOR:—

I feel a pardonable pride in offering you this little book. Were its merits but equal to the gratification experienced in dedicating it to you, its reputation would be a foregone conclusion, and only make me more happy that it was in some degree worthy of your acceptance. I pray you, however, to take it, such as it is, as a small token of my appreciation of your indefatigable labors in the cultivation and dissemination of a healthy and hearty Polite Literature, of your high sense of professional independence, and of your generosity to professional juniors—a generosity the more gladly recorded here because I have been a partaker of its fruits.

Among contemporary writers, I am not aware of any more ready to welcome and endorse what your judgment recognizes as deserving; or who, being forced into an opposite course, justifies his disapproval out of resources more complete, or by standards more compatible with common sense and the dignity of letters. These characteristics, so widely valued and respected, fortify the desire of personal regard to inscribe this romance with your name.

A word as to the work itself. While illustrating the plot—if I may call it such—by the resources Fancy and Imagination conjure up as lying within the supernatural and fairy realms, and by the reflection of the scenery, occasion, and moods of the actors upon each other, I have attempted—like an old-fashioned story-teller—more than once to point a moral; and in the con-

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cluding part, to lead the mind to dwell on the still higher, more enduring, and more consoling teaching of Christianity, that, amid the vicissitudes which rack man—not the least crushing of which is a transition from the egotistic rapture of a passionate young love to the humiliating consciousness of moody despair—his only comfort and lasting reward is to be found in the self-sacrifice, the resignation—in a word—the humble, but heroic virtues symbolized by THE CROSS.

Accept, my dear Doctor, this dedication, with the affectionate esteem of

Your Friend,

JOHN SAVAGE.

FORDHAM, *September 25, 1865.*

E V A .

PART FIRST.

I.

THE evening Sun was setting fair
Beneath a sky of blue,
And Nature's charms on earth, in air,
Were fading into dew :

II.

The sun's broad beams athwart did lie
The crimson-mantled West,
As a golden Cross of Chivalry
Charged on a purple vest :

III.

The evening star, with tender freight
Of charitable mirth,
Did seem to cheer and gratulate
The day-tired sons of earth.

IV.

A gentle breath the shrubs among—
A gentle sigh of air.
As though a gentle maiden's song
Was lilting here and there ;

V.

The busy bushes keeping time,
The tendrils join each note,
And all is soft as silv'ry rhyme
From out a silv'ry throat :

VI.

The grass assumes a whimpering thrill
As through it wings the wind,
So gently though, it scarcely speeds
To coax a chorus from yon weeds,
Ere all is still behind :

VII.

The dry stems wheeze a tiny pipe
To show they wakeful lie,
As urchins mumble unknown type
When pedagogue struts by :

VIII.

The wild rose blushes on the eve
Of going to its rest,
And bends its crimson cheek to grieve
On mother Earth's calm breast.

IX.

The dew steals o'er primroses pale
Which deck yon shady place ;
And clustering in a shy delight,
Help to shake the tears of night
From off each others' face :

X.

And hawthorn blossoms titter low,
For fear their joyaunce reach
The matron-like and crabbed boughs,
While am'rous Air essays its vows
And steals a kiss from each :

XI.

The mountain Ash, gay lithe and young,
With knowledge of its grace,
Unheedful hears the gallant's song,
Nor cares be won by secret tongue,
It bends to bolder face.

XII.

The evening calm as the smile of Him,
Who said, "Thy Will be done,"
And the pious air seemed hushed in prayer
Like a seraphic nun.

XIII.

The scene was wild, yet Fancy made
Its features full of balm
As though it joined the lengthening shade
To make the day's death calm.

XIV.

In truth it was a placid scene
Where awe did wonder woo:
Yea, such as men full seldom ken
The coming twilight through.

XV.

It is a brocken valley wild,
The Dodder streaming down
Its centre, and the mountain heath
Envelops with a purple wreath
Kippure's age-mottled crown.

XVI.

O valley ! consecrate to song,
In poet-warrior's soul,
Where memories of Ossian throng—
Delightful Glan-nis-mole !¹

XVII.

O valley ! famed in Ancient days
Not more by Ossian's voice,
Than thrushes', whose bewiiding maze
Of melody made all thy braes
And hundred dells rejoice.

XVIII.

Romantic, rugged, sombre, grand,
The hills jut out and fall
Into the devious vale, as though
To stay the Dodder's reckless flow :
Which, foams, and frets, through all.

XIX.

They drive the stream from shore to shore ;
It shakes with rage, then sweeps
Around the base, with lengthening pace,
With sullen surge, breaks through the gorge,
And frothing, onward leaps.

XX.

By Alyagower, clear as glass
The pools glide smoothly free,
Till further down, a group of rocks,
Like bathing dwarfs, jumps up and mocks
Their placid ecstasy.

XXI.

Then like branch-broken rays from sun—
Or sparks from the blacksmith's blow—
Or, shattered gems, they flash and run
To frothen the angry flow.

XXII.

And now they chant a boisterous song,
United, now they hymn,
And anon they murmuring lilt along
In the shade of yon brocken, dim.

XXIII.

The brave ship many leagues must tack
As air and ocean wills :
So strove the river, making track
Athrough this sea of hills.

XXIV.

An ivy-quilted scanty ruin
Lies hugged i' the valley wild ;
And tombs there tell, of all save hell
To martyr, man, and child.

XXV.

In the shade of the lonely pile,
Like life within a dream,
In the shade of the holy aisle
A listening to the stream—

XXVI.

A listening to the Dodder's woes
A-neath the ivy green,
A damsel and youth, the like in sooth
I'm sure you ne'er have seen.

XXVII.

Ye sprites, it was a dreamy scene.
And a witching wild one, too,
Such as we but seldom see,
The elfin twilight through.

XXVIII.

The youthful maid an angel's face—
And angel's form, I ween,
A mingling grace lit up her face
Of blooming ripe sixteen.

XXIX.

Tresses like an autumn night
Hang o'er her forehead's day,
Darkly rich—a pearly light
Outlines each curling spray

XXX.

Eyes of such unearthly light,
Though dark as ever wrought;
By Heaven! they twist me as a sprite,
Though I but see in thought.

XXXI.

Much more they twisted yon poor soul,
The brave youth by her side,
Whose pupils rise to the maid's dark eyes
And in the wild glance dies, and dies
To live in hopeful pride.

XXXII.

He sighs, that wily nature should
Play freaks to show her might,
And make in witching maidenhood
The darkest eyes most bright.

XXXIII.

Her forehead, as white marble, pale,
The veins an azure river,
Where tints of Ireland's skies prevail
In softness, softening ever.

XXXIV.

Her cheeks, the dainty tenderness
As when at morning's dawn,
The sun-beam is shed, through a rose-leaf, red,
On a neighboring ceanavaun.²

XXXV.

Her lips ! a healthy pure repast—
A sylph's or mortal's, which ?
The upper like the bright spring cast,
The under autumn rich :

XXXVI.

And both control a fragrant breath
Like breeze o'er summer flowers,
When jocund morn enliveneth
Earth's re-awakened powers.

XXXVII.

Her voice was like a happy thought
Whose speaking smile did sun you,
And ere you heard the opening word
The movement had undone you.

XXXVIII.

A raiment white with girdle green
Her dainty waist about,
For as her heart was pure within,
Her garb was pure without.

XXXIX.

So take the fair for all in all :

Such a pure though tempting smile,
Ne'er shone from maid
As on him who strayed
Through that old monastic aisle.

XL.

Comely shaped the youth, and slender ;

With four summers o'er her own :

And ever since they gambolled

On the hill-paths over-brambled,

In sunny childhood's days, the tender

Passion, with their growth had grown.

XLI.

Never slept it : for their sleeping

Ne'er was by its dreams forsaken—

Sleep, our Nature's El Dorado,

Only held it by a shadow—

While they gathered golden dream-tales

To be told when they'd awaken.

XLII.

Thus their nights were but as segments
Of the circle of their days ;
And their young hearts, sunny centres,
Rich with Love's converging rays.

XLIII.

Young Kevin Dhu, so was he hight,
For ay, was youth as good
As e'er bent bow on Saxon foe,
Or boasted the commingling flow
Of Celto-Norman blood.

XLIV.

His voice is full and freshly clear
As the breeze on Comm'ragh's crown ;
His hand can harp to a maiden's ear
Or strike a foeman down.

XLV.

The brown locks cluster on his brow,
Like grapes on the brow of Pan,
And you see a man in the youth though now
The youth is scarcely man.

XLVI.

Lonely looks the ancient pile ;
But love is lonely never,
When loving eyes exchange the while
The arrows from Love's quiver.

XLVII.

Solemn the weird and lonely scene,
Solemn the tombs arraigned—
It looks as Life had all buried been,
And they alone remained.

XLVIII.

In truth, it was a holy scene,
And a lonely wild one too,
Such as men full seldom ken
The dusky twilight through.

XLIX.

A harp, Love's vibrant symbol, rude
In shape, but sweet in tone,
Lay o'er a tomb, as though its mood
Was dirging the dead alone.

L.

She sate her down upon a tomb,
A cross rose high before,
With mossy shapes from Time's gray womb,
Emboss'd and stained o'er.

+

LI.

"What hopes!" he cried, "what love, what truth,
These ancient crosses speak!
What chastening thoughts for strength and
youth,
What sinews for the weak!

LII.

"With Vandal Time, their Sculptures rude
But sacred combat well;
Like trusty friends, they have outstood
The wealth that from us fell.

LIII.


"'Twould seem the centuried bones beneath,
With strength of faith had grown
To mark the true soul's hope in death,
And rose in sculptured stone.

LIV.

“Ye granite graybeards of the past
Who watch our kindred o’er,
With us may e’er thy teachings last,
That we the Cross adore.

LV.

“These crosses, like great note-marks, stand
O’er all the Celtic sod,
Grown gray in agony of love
Referring us to God!”³



LVI.

And then, as dropping in the tide
Of thought his fervor sprung,
The youth in Celtic anguish sighed
Its mysty waves among.

LVII.

’Twas but a moment, though it seemed,
In retrospection, years,
And waking from the life he dreamed—
Ancestral blood and tears—

LVIII.

He leaned against the carven cross,
That rood of holy stone,
In love's weird tremors both at loss,
To claim each heart their own.

LIX.

He brushed his brow, he snatched his harp,
A prelude wildly rang;
Then melting to a plaintive width
Of soul, he to her sang:

(I.)

A love-lorn minstrel once there dwelt,
In a valley fair to view,
Whose young rapt soul and senses knelt,
A heavenly maid to woo.
His love was fierce as Saint Kevin's hate,⁴
Pure as yon spring of Saint Ann,—
He loved with the fervor soul doth create,
As a minstrel only can.

(II.)

He roamed like spirit called from earth,
Chimed from its grave of rest,

Penance to eke for some worldlie mirth,
Or for some act unblest :
For his love was fierce as Saint Kevin's hate,
Killing as e'en the Saint's ban :
Oft voiceless, his was an ideal state
Of loving, as minstrel can.

(III.)

He tracked her steps, o'er vale and hill,
True as the shadow she made ;
He blessed the sod whereon she trod,
And the breeze that round her played.
For never to him had the sense of sound
So lovingly tender grown,
As when the air, caressing the fair,
Partook of her dulcet tone.

(IV.)

The Holy Well at which she drank
To him more holy grew
Each tree that gave her shade, each bank
She rested on, he knew !
For he gazed on his love as Martyr would
On the hope that raised his soul,
And his eyes to her rolled as the halo should
Round the head of the Virgin 'roll.

(v.)

Oh, this maid was his sole divinity !
A model for aye far above
Aught his brain, in its minstrel affinity
To heaven, could weave for his love !
And he loved her as Kate loved Saint Kevin,
And he traced her as dial the sun ;
For at morning, at noon, or at even,
By either you'd find t'other one.

(vi.)

And though they had gambolled in youthhood,
From childhood to each other clung,
Yet neither had strength in their truthhood,
Nor perfectly freedom of tongue :
For love, when it grows up from childhood,
Ne'er thinks to seek deeper the clue,
But looks on each face as the wildwood,
Where unconscious their heart-flowers grew.

(vii.)

And though he had laughed forth his fancies,
And though she reëchoed his tale,
Yet for *one* word each heart inward glances—
That one word of blessing or bale.

LX.

“ Ah, sad is the time !” spake Eva,
“ When hearts are unconsciously tost ;
’Twere better that one should have spoken
Than voiceless that both should be lost.

LXI.

“ Ah,” sighed she, “ I pain for the maiden !”
“ And I,” quoth he, “ wail for the youth !”
“ And did neither make them an Aiden,
By shriving the other from ruth ?

LXII.

“ And did neither think of presuming
On friendship that from their birth grew ?”
“ Ah, no !” said the young bard resuming
His harp, and its love-burdened clue :

“ Though the youth but in her saw his heaven,
Still spake not, or heard not *the word* ;
For,” he faltered, “ the youth’s name was KEVIN,
And—EVA, the maid he adored !”

LXIII.

With modest, not unconscious air,
Dear Eva heard him close :—
And looked, but spoke not, worlds of prayer,
That only true love knows.

LXIV.

She felt—she knew, she had *his* heart,
And that it spake through her,
And waited her responsive part
From *him*,—nor dared to stir,—

LXV.

Nor dared to stir, lest she displace
The accents she well knew
Her heart must make ; but woke apace
To her own maiden view.

LXVI.

“ Ah, Kevin ! in my maiden soul
Is the heart that I bereft
Thee of—that I, unconscious, stole,—
Yet, willing for the theft :

LXVII.

“Ay, willing for the theft! O youth,
O Kevin dear! ’tis frail
That Eva’s tongue should tell; but truth
And love’s a sad tell-tale.”

LXVIII.

“Angel of Eva! let me hear
Those kindling thoughts again;
That Hope’s clear light may shame the bier
Where chilling Doubt lies slain!”

LXIX.

“My Kevin dear, fain would I tell,—
My tongue but shames its place,
My lips but mock the inward spell
That needs would outward trace.

LXX.

“My heart is throbbing like a sea,
And could sea span the skies above,
I feel its vast immensity
Could not cradle half my love.”

LXXI.

Entrancèd in her speech, he gazed
As though a statue still—
Or like a breathless sculptor, dazed
At his creative skill.

LXXII.

But suddenly he started,—bright,
His thankful gestures spoke,
As vocal as a host of light,
In cave dawn never woke.

LXXIII.

His harp fell on the tufted moss,
His tongue seemed in his fingers,⁵
That motion all his words,—at loss
While speech on his dumb mouth lingers.

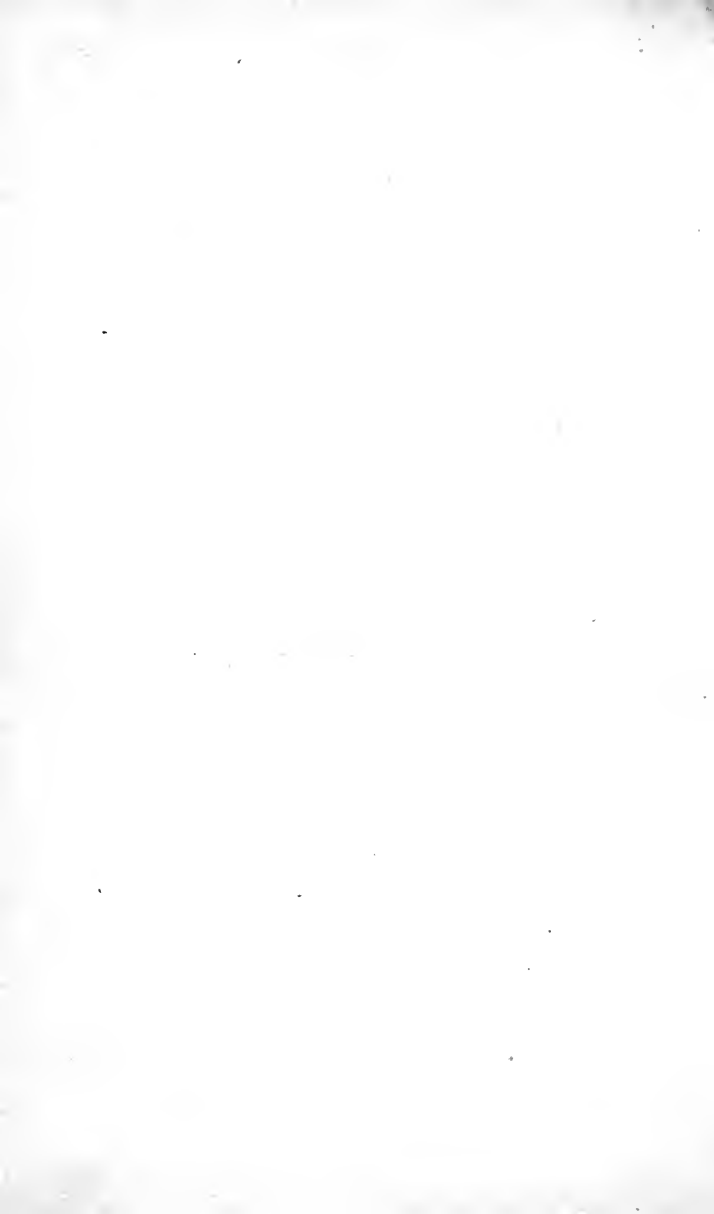
LXXIV.

He wrapt her to his burning breast,
That love should fear no cheating;
He prest her, that each pledging test
Should feel each other beating.

LXXV.

Exchangèd troths of love were given,
And Echo sealed each tone,
Before the Cross, and the holy heaven,
In the ivied ruin lone.

3*



PART SECOND.

I.

As thus the pair entrancèd were,
Each with the other's love;
Unseen, unheard, about them there
A horrid pageant wove.

II.

Old name-lost tombs 'gan start to life—
The dead 'gan hobbling out,
Martyrs and monks, and man and wife,
To witness what they're about.

III.

As lumberingly moved the mounds
That did the ground encumber,
The headstones cracked their lichen skins,
And yawn'd, like sots in slumber.

IV.

Old battered memories on the walls,
Took shape and left their places ;
Crushed effigies in crumbling stalls,
Resumed their forms and faces.

V.

And skeletons helped with rattling noise
To empty each other's graves,
To witness the troth and hear the voice
Of love that daintily raves.

VI.

The oldest trees did shake and quake
Up to their farthest shoots,
As each skeleton pulls
Might and main for the skulls,
Meshed in the tangled roots.

VII.

You'd think it was a lashing hail
Upon the branching eaves ;
Or wild despoiling autumn gale
A throttling all the leaves.

VIII.

And while the groups are gathering round
From out their dim abodes,
The woes and state of some create
Grim ghastly episodes.

IX.

A horrid shape from the path to hell
Escaped to quench his thirst,
For his inside scorch'd as flames do dwell
In house pent ere they burst.

X.

He came to drink of the mystic Well
Blessed by the good Saint Ann,
Whose waters boast the purest spell
From Tallaght to Lough Dan.⁶

XI.

And deftly to the holy pool
This ghastly shape forsooth
Did speed, with shrinèd wave to cool
His hellish scorching drouth.

XII.

He snatched the bowl from the holy stone,
And dived it in the Well;
But yet while there flew
His parched frame through
A bliss from the hoped-for spell,
A hurrying sprite
Dashed the cup from his sight,
And he felt o'er again pangs of hell.

XIII.

Oh could he but drink of the shriving wave,
'Twould give him the freedom of soul
To think of a heav'n; his body 'twould save
From the torturing pangs of a hell-bound grave:
He snatches again at the bowl.

XIV.

Is it Saint Ann? or a guarding band?
Or hath he a soul conscience-barred?
Again the cup from his flaming hand
Is dashed by some unseen guard—

XV.

And a voice, like the rending of great forest oaks,
Begat on his ear, with a yell,
The sentence of Fate—"Hence slave to your
state
And your purgatorial cell."

XVI.

He shrunk aback, as his head had been
Clove with Saint Peter's key,
And he durst not look, for bell and book
Had told him where he would be.

XVII.

And a group kept watching a tomb in the aisle,
And they grinned a wrathful, vengeful smile,
In wait for its inmate's skull;
For he was a lord,
Whose only word
Was of hate to the poor,
And death to the boor
Who made not his door
And halls with venison full;

XVIII.

And oft had this baron been known to brag,
The number of vassals he clove with his mace ;
And he took less delight racing after the stag,
Than he did in staying the human race.

XIX.

And one yelled forth a merry stave,
A hundred choruss'd the verse ;
And from under a cowl,
A relentless jowl
Mumbled a hopeful curse.

XX.

And one whose flesh was half decayed
Poured forth a troublous groan,
Which shook the slime from his wormy side,
And bared it to the bone.

XXI.

Some had on cerements gray, which flapped
As loose sails on the spars of a ship ;
And some, half-rotted on what they wrapped,
Were as cobwebs caught on a chip.

XXII.

One looked at her tomb as at her glass,
Ne'er doubting herself 'twould bear,
But she yelled her joy
At the fond foul lie
Her husband had sculptured there.

XXIII.

And calling a troupe of like wild wives,
She bade them see themselves—
All scampered away as they did in their lives—
A pack of mad vain elves.

XXIV.

And they laughed, did this brood of wanton
wives,
At their sculptured acts, and cried—
“Ho! ho! for those who have led good lives,
They'll have no surprise when they've died.”

XXV.

And as the “Yes” from Eva's mouth
Proclaimed young Kevin's bride,
All swirled as though the grapes of the South
Were gurgling their skulls inside.

XXVI.

And a jolly mob around the pair
Prankt madly in a reel,
And chattered, and bowed, and flattered aloud,
The lovers with devilish zeal.

XXVII.

But lovers' eyes, though ope are blind,
And lovers' ears are deaf;
'Tis but in loving lovers find
Love's grief or love's relief.

XXVIII.

Young Kevin clasped the maid again,
The embrace was soft and sweet;
The bubbling love of the wooers twain,
At parting was as they'd meet.

XXIX.

And as love's tender stupor sheds
Its filmy mask, they thought
The air was dotted with strange heads,
And with strange noises fraught.

XXX.

Their skinny digits clasping fast,
The mouldy dancers spin
Swiftly past—their skulls are cast
Into one circling grin.

XXXI.

The fluttering Eva nestled close
Unto her Kevin's breast,—
They soothed the sudden fears that rose,
By being both caressed.

XXXII.

"The noise"—it was the weary breeze,
Or Dodder's plaining tones :
"The faces"—moonshine through the trees
Upon the quaint old stones.

XXXIII.

And wilder, swifter speed the wraiths,
As on a whirlpool leaves,
Until they fade, and the speering maid
Feels she herself deceives.

XXXIV.

The moon breaks from her camp of clouds,
And roams the clear expanse;
The ghosts glide into their slimy shrouds,
Tired with the trysting dance.

P A R T T H I R D .

I.

The moon was taking her highest roll,
And the light from her regnant head,
Enwrapped the stars, like a mighty scroll,
With eternity's language spread.

II.

The crystal blue of the ambient sky,
The crystal light of the moon,
The crystal note of the black-bird nigh,
Makes echo a crystal tune.

III.

The stars like strings of a heavenly lyre,
Swept by the hands of Night,
Fill with joy the cathedral choir;
And echo is turned to light.

IV.

And down the moonlight flutes the air,
Each beam a choral column ;
And earth's calm but responsive prayer
Blends in the midnight solemn.

V.

And heavenly smiles and earthly thanks
In their descent and upward flight,
Pass in joyed and bowèd ranks
Through night's corridors of light.

VI.

The wakeful crags, Kippure's broad brow
Stand out in bright relief,
Attendant on the moon ; and throw
The glens in shadowed grief.

VII.

Scarce a stir was up in the air,
Scarce a stir on the earth,
Save lyrical rills from the elfin hills
Gamb'ling in wildsome mirth.

VIII.

They staved and raved adown the stones,
A stop-note every pebble,
To quiver the chant into tinkling tones
Of a dulcet treble.

IX.

At the time of fair Eva's vows
To Kevin's love-lit power,
The elfin queen her courtiers did rouse
To meet over Alyagower.

X.

Bustling, yet noiseless, came along
The elves from midnight spees,
Lowly but sweet as ever was song
They lilted their gathering glees:
So genial the flow, so num'rous the throng,
It was as a perfumed breeze—
Or, like a forethought of Zephyr's song,
Balmy, without the breeze.

XI.

As diamond thoughts in quaint bard's brain,
This ariel world 'gan float;
And linked, as the gems of a fountain rain
By the mist, with a dewy note.

XII.

A haze of sound enwrapped the elves
As the mist o'er a wayward stream ;
They must have thought, the imps themselves,
They were in an elfin dream.

XIII.

And hither they come, so various dight—
So brilliant their guises were,
It was as a sudden May that night,
And they the flow'rs o' the air.

XIV.

Spirit of Heath and Daisy-dew,
And tiny Blue-bell first,
Bounding came, with the elfin crew,
That followed in a burst.

XV.

Honey-suckle and Primrose-tip,
Arm in arm, I wist—
And Evening-sigh and Tulip-lip,
And the Fog-sprite, Dodder-mist :

XVI.

Jessamine-breath and Woodbine-brow,
 Blessing each other's way,
And Honey-tongue and Folks-glove, now,
 And many a valley fay :

XVII.

The scarlet Dragon's-head came up,
 And Morning-glory too,
Bearing a monstrous purple cup
 Gleaming with nectrous dew :

XVIII.

And Apple-bloom so lustrous white,
 Like little bride of old ;
And Dandelion, like ancient king,
 With collar of yellow gold :

XIX.

And from the Dodder's coolest vale
 The Brook-elf, braw and stout,
In armor made of a silver scale
 Dropped from a river trout :

XX.

The imp of glens, wild Thatchet-thorn,
Reckless, rollicking sprite,
Came puffing, like a November morn
Hunted by autumn night :

XXI.

The Moon-elf with a bright'ning eye,
And never a wink, came in ;
He trimm'd the starry lamps on high,
And shaded the ways of sin.

XXII.

And Poppy-stem with night-cap red,
A drowsy pace did take ;
But Moon-elf kicked and Thatchet pricked
The imp to keep him awake.

XXIII.

And hosts of elfin chiefs appeared
Of marvellous renown,
And fairy seannachies⁸ with beards
Of silver thistle-down.

XXIV.

Oh, myriads came, of goblin fame,
From glen-embower'd ways,
Where cascades keep the hills from sleep,
In witching Wicklow's praise ;
From Dodder's nooks, and brawling brooks,
And Liffey's fairy braes.

XXV.

They came t. a tower, 'tween heav'n and earth,
Built in the dewy air ;
The dreamliest space that fanciful mirth
Could deem for a court so rare.

XXVI.

They carried a cloud away up to the moon
And trailed it across the light,
So the beam from below, and the beam from aboon,
Made a floor and a ceiling bright.

XXVII.

And they sprent the floor with gathered dews
Which shone like a pavement of gems,
And arch'd columns made
Of the clear cascade,
Caught ere it broke in diadems.

XXVIII.

From quarried mines of perfume, the walls—
The casement of spider's web, quaint,
And the toiling stars
Snatch a peep through the bars,
And pale at their own restraint.

XXIX.

And o'er the throne of Cleena the queen,
In the nave of this fairy pile,
A tulip leaf rained
Its hues, like the stained
Glass saints in cathedral aisle.

XXX.

Thus met, the queen with an airy tongue,
Like a sweet voice heard in a dream,
Half cadenced her will, half liltingly sung—
Yet singing it only did seem.

XXXI.

Oh, her's was the sweetest,
Richest, completest,
Most musical, magic, and dearest,
Mystic and lowly,
Swelling but slowly,
The warmest of voices, and clearest!

XXXII.

“Sisters and brothers—subjects all,
From Tallaght to Kippure,
From the dusky valleys,
Where the sunset rallies,
All our gallant armies to my evening call—
From the heathy hill-side,
From the dreamy rill-side,
From the spray entrancing,
In the star-light glancing,
O’er the rocky barriers in the Dodder’s way,—
Ye, my loved and loving,
Ye, the spry and roving,
Ye, that know a living dead to things of clay,
Ye, from Tallaght’s meadows.
To the bleak Kippure,
Ye, I want—my shadows!
A maiden to secure.

XXXIII.

“Cluricauns from haunted Brake,
Fays of Alyagower,
I’ve a maid from earth to take
Worthy fairy power.

XXXIV.

“Wild elves from the witch’d Cornaun,
Whose broad brow the thunder mocks,
And all ye that wraithe Glancree,
Or guard the lonely haunted Loughs,—⁹

XXXV.

“Where the eagle mountain stands
O’er the dismal wave below;
Like man’s suicidal thought
Brooding flight from earthly wo:

XXXVI.

“There is a maid of mildest mien,
But radiant in its mildness!
Loving and loved in the bounds atween,
Where we hold our wildness.”

XXXVII.

“I saw—I spied (and laughed in pride),
As I skipt o’er yon ruin,”
Said Thatchet-thorn, holding his side,
“Twain Gaffers there a wooin’.”

XXXVIII.

“Ha! ha! Oh Berry,” Thatchet scritchted,
“An elf with hum-drum twisting
The other dainty hoyden witchted,
And she said, ‘No resisting!’

XXXIX.

“I feth it was a mouthful speck,
I wiss to see them”—
“Hold sir,
Chain thy tongue or I’ll instant wreck
Thy chine, for being bold, sir.”

XL.

Thatchet sneak’d off in the crowd
Under the wing of a fly,
And he tickled the fly’s kind shroud,
For tears came in laughter’s eye.

XLI.

“As I gamboll’d and caught the dew,”
Quo’ the Queen,—“to deck our halls,
The prancing gnats my chariot drew
Above yon ivied walls.

XLII.

“Oh, Lily-tint! Oh, Honey-tongue!
Such a face and form—so airy,
As were those ruins old among!
She should have been a fairy.

XLIII.

“And by her side was a hend youth, who
Was pleading love distressing,
And with harmonious plaining, too,
He charmed the maid’s caressing.

XLIV.

“She is too fair for mortal man,
Too bright for earthly life,
More formed for elfin joyaunce than
Queen of a heart-ache strife.”

XLV.

(“An’ ay, besides,” cried Thatchet-thorn,
“’Twill wrath the youth most drearily,
For which I’d spree ten moons to see—
An’ that I would most cheerily!”)

XLVI.

“We must save her! we must have her,
Ere the dews of evening fall,
On to-morrow, and I’ll borrow
All your freaks to aid my call.”
“Ho! ho!” yell’d, merrily, Thatchet.

XLVII.

“We must save her! we must have her,
Ere the lovers meet again,
And we’ll bring her, and we’ll sing her
Fairy songs of soothing strain.”
“I fecks we will!” quo’ Thatchet.

XLVIII.

“And we’ll charm her, but not harm her,
To forget all ties of earth;
For we’ll spell-bind, ay, and well bind
All our arts to cause her mirth.”
“An’ I’m your man!” quo’ Thatchet.

XLIX.

“We, you Thatchet-thorn commission—
Thatchet list, you wayward wight—
To bethink and twist our wish on
Witching this young maiden bright.

L.

“Good lack, ah me! ho, ho!—What now?”

Laughed Thatchet—“*That’s* your measure!”

And he smoothed a wrinkle on old Time’s brow

With a loud smack of pleasure.

LI.

The wily, revelling devil, Thorn,

Swung wild in a cobweb’s loop;

A rakish imp as ever was born,

On the spider he sat with a “Whoop!”

LII.

“All the Spreethogue elves ye ken,

From Lough Bray to Kill-tipper,

Shall follow Thatchet, through fen and glen,

To aid the imp to clip her.”

LIII.

Thatchet in glee, was tumbling round,

The cap of a queen-bee’s knee;

So joyous was he to be crown’d,

Leading a prank in fairy ground,

And scritch’d right gleefully!

LIV.

“Hip, do dun!

’Tis said—she’s won!

I’ll smother my feet in the thistle-down,

Or skate on the snail’s bright track,

Or, I’ll hide in the pond’rous skin-cloak, brown,

Flayed from the wood-mouse’ back!

Or, I’ll straddle on spider’s crup, as he weaves

In the nave of yon ruin his thread—

Or, I’ll lie in amidst of two wild mint leaves,

And roll to a noon-eyed bed.

I’ll watch her—I’ll catch her—

I will! I will!

Through alley or valley,

In bower or hill!

I see her! I feel her! I have her! ha, ha!”

And he sprang at his joyous note,

And he laughed, till all doubt

Such a loud elfin’s shout

Leaped from an elfin throat.

LV.

“Ha! ha!”—laughed he, as he woke the light

Of a star that slept on the pavement,

And he tumbled him round

To a jocular sound,

Regardless of court behaviour.

LVI.

“Hey, in the ruin,
Lovers will be wooing,
 Little guessing,
 In caressing,
 What the elves are doing.

“Hey, in the even,
Lovers will be grieving,
 Little knowing
 What is growing
 For their hearts’ deceiving.

“By the set of sun
 To-morrow, she’s won!

“For o’er the bog,
Or through the fog,
Under the hill,
Over the rill,
In the moonlight,
Or the noonlight,
Bat’s wing riding,
Owl’s beak chiding,
On Pooka prancing,
Or star-light dancing,

Whatever ye wot
On earth, or be not,
Eft soon that it *is*,
For Thatchet, I wis,
Is the sprite that is here
To eke whatever ye ken !
For aught be it murky, or yea be it clear—
I'm slave to the Queen o' the glen !
Be it done in a moon's or sun's career,
I'm slave to the Queen o' the glen !”

LVII.

“Hail to our Cleena, Queen o' the glen,”
Shouted the elves and fairy land then,
Up took the echo, and out-sped again—
“Hail to our Cleena, Queen o' the glen.”

P A R T F O U R T H .

I.

The night is gone, the morning past,
And that noon dead forever ;
And evening comes, like a shadow cast,
Time's brighter tints to sever.

II.

An evening like the yester one,
A calm and balmy eve,
Like nun, afraid that sighing tone
Would make her bosom heave.

III.

All was still as a sleeping fair,
Placid with heav'nly dreaming,
Whose visions of bliss to her fancy were
Double their actual seeming.

IV.

The gentle Eva forth had sped,
To meet her idoll'd lover;
The daisy bent not beneath her tread,
As Innocence did above her.

V.

Two genial faces-under-a hood,
Drinking the welcome dew,
Seemed, in a joy of brotherhood,
Toasting her beauty too.

VI.

The Cowslip and the Buttercup,
They bowed a silent bliss,
And Forget-me-not, in the lonely spot,
Stole from the sod a kiss.

VII.

Fond memory's emblatic elf,
He noted the passing one,
And kissed, in lieu the charmer's self,
The ground she trod upon.

VIII.

And thus the plants, in each other's joy,
Show how they felt for hers,
And kissed once more, as she tript o'er,
With the zeal of worshippers!

IX.

The meadow-sweet waved like a bridal plume;
And the streamlet by the path
Kept on a wild pace,
To be sunn'd by her face,
Such radiance its beauty hath.

X.

Now was her heart a brimful cup,
With Love's delicious presence,
And thoughts of Kevin bubbled up
To the top of the sparkling essence.

XI.

Her bearing bright, her footstep light
As a May-wafted feather;
She seemed a humanized delight,
As skipt she o'er the heather.

XII.

And oh, why should she not present
Incarnate love and rapture?
Loving and loved—with two joys sprent,
Yielding, and making a capture!

XIII.

'Tis only thus that true Love's years
Roll free of pain and sin—
The sin of doubt: who happy wears
Love's crown, must yield to win.

XIV.

And oh! Heaven help the loving heart
That meets no love in turn,
And send its light, to save from blight
That passion-bursting urn.

XV.

The heart that links unto a heart,
Unknowing if it beats,
May never find, its once clear mind,
And peace it never meets—
Earth has no future for its kind;
No past, but killing sweets.

XVI.

But Eva, blessing in her love,
Was bless'd in her adorer;
The present seem'd but as Peter's gate
To the heavenly fate before her.

XVII.

As moved she down the hilly side,
Like blossom weather-wafted,
Crowning the air with double pride
Of fragrance then engrafted—

XVIII.

A charming strain falls on her ear,
A thrilling measure 'tis,
And tender, too. She stay'd to hear—
“Ah! yes, 'tis surely his!

XIX.

“Ah, yes—it must be Kevin's harp!
It is that love-lorn strain
He often plays.” She eager stays
To catch the loved refrain.

XX.

And yet she stays : adown her head
Low bent, as joyed she grew,
And hands upraised, as though they said—
“Hush, birds, and listen too!”

XXI.

The strain swept on—sweet harmony—
The maiden soul held still,
As though each magic symphony
Could chain or free at will.

XXII.

“Now shall I give my love surprise!”
And round she sprang in glee;
But nothing there stood proof her eyes,
And wonder-struck was she.

XXIII.

Wonder struck was the maiden young,
At her deceit of ee;
But a voice yet sung, and a harp still rung,
And still the strain hears she.

XXIV.

Yea, still its ripples lave her ears,
More dulcet than before,
And every wave of sound she hears
Is met by an eager shore.

XXV.

Now plaintive rose the witching lay,
And now a subdued splendor
Trids the dulcet anguish through,
So passionately tender :

XXVI.

And now a voice of sadness pours
Its soul upon the air ;
While the maiden stays as one delays
On last words of a prayer.

(I.)

Where is my darling—
Oh, where is her shadow?
Is she in the meadow,
Singing with the starling?

Is she by the river?—
Is she mid the trees?—
Ah! my heart is ever
Searching her and ease.

(II.)

I've heard the starling,
I've been in the meadow,
But saw not the shadow
Of Eva my darling.
She's not by the water—
She's not in the wood—
Thro' the trees I've sought her,
And down by the flood.

(III.)

I told the starling
To sing out my maiden;
Robin, too, is laden,
With news for my darling;
And the little sparrow
That chirps in the thatch,
And swallow, fleet as arrow,
Go my love to catch.

(IV.)

I told the starling,
Sparrow, and the swallow,
Ere they went to follow,
Where *I'd* meet my darling :
Not in fields of clover,
Neither in the bower,
Nor by rushing rover,
But *here*, at this hour.

XXVII.

“Now shall I give my love surprise!”
And round she tript in glee ;
But nothing there stood proof her eyes,
And wonder struck was she.

XXVIII.

But still the air with song is fraught,
Making sweet the gloaming ;
'Tis plain the singer's anxious thought
But echoes to his roaming.

XXIX.

*“Not in fields of clover,
Neither in the bower,
Nor by rushing rover,
But here, at this hour.”*

XXX.

Now Eva deftly stole along—
Softly crept the maiden—
Aside the brake, the shrubs among,
Her breath love-ful laden.

XXXI.

Scarcely breathing crept she, listening—
Catching whence the sounds arose ;
Her love-laughing eyes were glistening,
At the sight they will disclose.

XXXII.

Her thoughts were laughing amongst themselves—
To steal so—such a treat !
Little thought she, the airy elves
Were laughing at Love's defeat.

XXXIII.

Little she dreamt that an elfin harp,
Tuned to a mortal ear,
Was pilf'ring the store,
At the sill of Love's door,
And making the door a bier.

XXXIV.

*“Not in fields of clover,
Neither in the bower,
Nor by rushing rover,
But here, at this hour.”*

XXXV.

More sorrowful the voice became,
In grief at her not coming ;
Now near it wails, in a tone of blame,
Now at a distance humming.

XXXVI.

Behind her once it moaned in pain,
And then it crooned before her ;
By her side, anon, as though the strain
Would weave a madness o'er her.

XXXVII.

On she sprang, with Hope's wild strength—
Round she trod the strain :
To right trod she—to left trod she,
And trod all o'er again.

XXXVIII.

Till wearied out, her tender frame,
By longing hope deferred,
She sank down on the spot—the same
Where first the tune she heard.

XXXIX.

As though her mother Earth would bear
Some comfort to her dearth,
As Indian catches in his ear,
The presence of some mortal near,
By listening to the earth.

XL.

And thoughts rose up within her lips,
To tell what anguish wrung
Her heart, but fell, as fountain drips,
Back to whence they sprung.

XLI.

For beat her heart so piteously,
No word could dare essay,
To fill its grief, or sorrow dree,
Or soothe its woes away.

XLII.

And as she lay, the song once more
Burst in upon her swoon,
As the mystic fire that revels o'er
The dismal-faced lagoon :

XLIII.

*“Not in fields of clover,
Neither in the bower,
Nor by rushing rover,
But here, at this hour.”*

XLIV.

And as bright morning bursts from night,
Sweet words escaped her gloom—
“And *I am here*, my Kevin dear,
I'm thine unto the tomb.”

XLV.

Her thought so spread her lifeless form,
It shook her till she wake ;
And lo ! as sun o'er March cloud dun,
Her love bounds o'er the brake.

XLVI.

And quickly raised was Eva fair,
Unto his sheltering heart;
And nestling there, as thought in speech—
The heaven she had pined to reach—
She prayed they “never part.”

XLVII.

“And are you mine?”
“Thine, only thine!
Ay, darling youth, forever!
The earth holds not, so fair a lot,
That could me from thee sever!”

XLVIII.

“Oh, speak on yet—my Eva, yet—
Why should such sun-thoughts dally:”
“I am thine,” she cried, “while the sky is blue,
Or the Dodder its Glan-nis-mole sings through;
While the seasons roll, and the loving birds
Warble to each their ærial words!
Though death should come, my love still true,
As the tree to the sod from which it grew—
While those darling hills—those elf-bound hills,
Embrace with calm shadows their offspring rills,

Or Kippure, like an aged parent fills
 The throne of state,
 With pride elate,
And fatherly views the valley !”

XLIX.

“ Mine—*only* mine ?”
 “ Forever thine !”
And she clung around the youth
With the fervor which betrays itself,
Supporting a woman’s truth.

L.

He kissed her, and excess of joy
 So wrought, when strength had gone,
She felt that dizziness which doubts
 The fact one gazes on.

LL.

She felt as lifted from the sod
 Into his dear embrace—
But were it clouds her Kevin trod,
 She’d tread the self-same place.

LII.

Half waking from her swoon of heart,
She feels her in the air,
Mid myrial crowds that nimbly part,
To make her pathway there.

LIII.

Around, the sky—below, dim void—
And up she's onward driven :
'Tis a dream, like those her childhood enjoyed—
Dreaming of going to heaven.

LIV.

But round quaint little spectres flit,
Like motes in her bright splendor ;
With jocund songs and gleeful wit,
And fragile shapes so tender.

LV.

And hither they run, and thither they run,
In vain their glee to smother ;
And air looked a moving mine of gems,
As they pelt dew at each other.

LVI.

She clasped her arms about the youth,
To feel had she been sleeping,
Full pure in confidence and truth,
Of safety in his keeping.

LVII.

'Tis surely all some witching dream,
Else her eyes need heart's upbraiding,
For Kevin, like the mist on stream,
From her wild clasp is fading :

LVIII.

As shadow deftly fades away,
When light approaches clearer,
Her opening gaze the maid betrays—
No youthful Kevin's near her.

LIX.

The shape she prest to her maiden breast
Has dwindled like a flower,
And left but a wizened, withered stem—
She sees the elves—she has heard of them.
Her whole life crowds in a frantic thought,
And crushes her as the truth is caught :

“Oh, hope belied—oh, Love,” she cried,
“I have madly leased my soul from you,
While the Dodder runs and the sky is blue!”
And swooned in the elfin power.

LX.

And wildly laughed imp Thatchet then—
He roaring and running by fits,
Till e'en the elf-train, thought again and again
He'd lose his elfin wits.

LXI.

Still alluring, still she follows
In the love-struck elfin trance,
Far beyond the cloudy hollows,
To where vagrant planets dance.

LXII.

Once they rested high in the blue,
To school their wondering care;
And Time a lengthy cobweb threw,
To teach her to walk the air.

LXIII.

In vast circles gathering round her,
As the systems round the sun,
Endless splendors hold, astound her—
Still beginning, never done.

LXIV.

Moving like vast seas of brilliants,
Each contributing its light
To the forming of a circle,
That shuts out forever Night.

LXV.

Still revolving, glittering onward,
High they chant a fairy glee,
As they pass, the echo, gone-ward,
Answers to her—"Who are ye?"

(I.)

We are Faeries—gleesome Faeries!
From the haunted raths below;
We are Faeries—tricksy Faeries,
From the glistening peaks of snow,

From the far hills to the valley,
From the valley to the shore,
And from shore to shore we rally,
Never less, and evermore !

From the far light
Of Aurora,
From the star-light
To the earth—
From the sprye-lands
Of rich Flora,
To the sky-lands,
We hold mirth !

(II.)

We may caper on the sunbeam,
Or rest behind the moon,
When the pleasaunce of our night-dream
Ushers in a lazy noon ;
We raise a monument of dew,
Distilled from aërial flowers,
And joys like these are waiting you,
And every charm that's ours.
From the icebergs
Of the Vikings—
From the spice-bergs
Of the East—

To the Prairies,
Are the likings,
For the Faeries'
Glorious feast !

(III.)

We may stretch a bridge from pole to pole,
Wing earth, and all that's in it,
Over the spheres, or round we can roll,
Or pass through in a minute.

We are Faeries—happy Faeries !

Giddy, tinted shades of dew :

Whose ever-bursting joy ne'er varies,

But to double—so shall you !

From the prismatic

Sun-light glory,

To the dismal

Caves of earth—

From the Flood-god's

Saga's hoary,

To the Wood-gods,

Give us mirth !

We are Faeries—happy Faeries,

Kings of earth and sea and blue ;

Whose ever-bursting joy ne'er varies,

But to double—so shall you !

LXVI.

“I fecks you will,” quo’ Thatchet. “True!
And if you hest have a mate
Like me,” and he kissed young Daisy-dew,
Who dealt him a box on the pate.

LXVII.

Eva was listless of all earth,
Enchanting her promised dower;
And her eyes are tinted with elfin dew,
To give her sight elfin power.

LXVIII.

And soon with the rites of Elfin Land
They shrive the maid from clay;
And she, in the joy of the fairy band,
Is not less gay than they.

LXIX.

She revels along as though she ne’er
Was born out o’ the blue,
And floats athrough the loving air,
Scarce knowing she passes through.

LXX.

And joyously down the azure space,
They sweep like a stellar shower,
To meet the Queen at the gathering place,
By the Brocken on Alyagower.



P A R T F I F T H .

I.

Young Kevin went to the ruin gray,
Quilted in ivy green,
Where yestere'en his love did pray,
And Eva's had plighted been.

II.

The young oak branches sighing, bow'd,
The weird yew wept aghast,
And the ivy leaves, a clustering crowd,
Shivered as he passed.

III.

The sad old ruin lonely stood,
A solemn sight to see,
Like one who suffering for his love,
Longs from the earth to flee.

IV.

Yet there it stood mid the solitude,
And the wave-like graves so dim,
A beacon rock midst the ghostly flock,
Beloved unto him.

V.

For to him it brought thoughts of love,
Of purpose high and pure :
He thankful felt to heaven above,
And on the earth secure.

VI.

Beneath its calm and holy shade,
His kindling heart had burned,
And blazed, and spread, until the maid
Its every glow returned.

VII.

And who, though frosted o'er by Time,
Or varied fortune, can
Forget the place, where woman's grace
First made him feel a man.

VIII.

What heart that does not hold the scene,
As heaven's foretaste here ;
The purest, best, that eyes caressed !
Beyond all others, dear ?

IX.

God pity him whose peevish fate,
Or thoughtless, callous ways,
Cannot with such remembrance mate
Sweet comfort, bliss, and praise.

X.

And can we wonder Kevin thrilled
With feelings strangely new,
Where Eva's yearning bounty filled
The hopes that burned him through.

XI.

The echoes of her blessed voice
In spreading sounds still seethed
Around the spot, and the youth's heart caught
So tightly, he scarce breathed :

XII.

Lest with the breathing he might fail
To catch each fancied tone,
That bade him a life-pathway hew,
Wide and bright enough for two,
Nor henceforth be alone.

XIII.

The scene, the sounds, the hopes did span
The youth; till past control
Their mingling pleasures over-ran,
The chalice of his soul;

XIV.

And burst forth into frenzied speech
Which he could not suppress:
But what are words to teach, or reach
The wants of happiness?

XV.

“Ah, happy me! O chosen one,
Thy fasting eyes prepare,
To feast their hungry glances on
Thy life-absorbing fair!

XVI.

“Ah, happy me! O proudest one!
 Restrain thy throbbing side :
It swells amain with radiant pain
 Till comes thy radiant bride.”

XVII.

Ah, well-a-day, and wo is me,
 That hath this tale to tell :
Would that the elves had left me free
 To break the fairy spell.

XVIII.

The while young Kevin Dhu devoured
 His brain with hopeful bliss ;
The gloaming fled, by night o'erpowered,
And the long grass on the dim graves cowered
 Beneath the dew's cold kiss.

XIX.

A shaking off love's lethargy,
 That captive held each limb,
The doubts and tears, of passion's fears,
 In a torrent burst o'er him.

XX.

He wandered up, he wandered down,
He counted every tomb;
They seemèd with a ghoulish pith
But mimicking his doom.

XXI.

Which way he turned—each tomb he read,
Held nothing to his eye,
Save these huge hopeless words of dread—
“Sacred to Memory.”

XXII.

With startling apathy he took,
His eyes from death and clay,
And up into the heavens did look,
For some heart-easing ray.

XXIII.

But as to chill his fibres through,
And warn his aching sight,
A black cloud, like a hand, came o’er
And hid the eye of night.

XXIV.

The weary, sad, suggestive tombs,
The black and dreary cloud,
The trees like beck'ning funeral plumes,
The ivy like a shroud;

XXV.

The Dodder's cloud-affrighted waves,
A moaning, stealthily past,
The winds that wail down the crooked vale
And burst into gusts at last:

XXVI.

Conveyed to him a weakening sense
Of desolation near,
Till he scarce could gasp 'neath the icy grasp
That crushed his heart with fear.

XXVII.

He thought he heard upon the air,
Around the ruin dim,
Strange voices mutter as in prayer,
And say—"God pity him."

XXVIII.

His eyes were fraught with helpless power,
Into the dark saw he;
And he read as plain as at noonday hour—
“Sacred to Memory.”

XXIX.

The Cross, as one with outstretched arms
And head to heaven, did seem
To tell him that 'gainst charms and harms
Of earth it was supreme.

XXX.

Upon the youth's bleak ashen heart
This holy thought did move
The embers, till there leapt apart
The flames of Faith and Love.

XXXI.

The dark distempers of his brain
Before his Faith rushed out—
“Oh, dearest love, she'll come again,
Why—why should I e'er doubt.”

XXXII.

“To-morrow I will clasp my fair
More bright than mountain fay !”
The sky became more overcast,
He shivering Saint Anne’s Well past,
The winds grew wild, more black the sky,
And the shaggy trees, as he went by,
In mournful dirges called him back ;
But he held on his lonely track,
Sighing, saying, “ Fairest fair,
More bright than mountain fay !”
And he took himself, though loth to part,
From the spot so dear to his hopes and heart,
And homeward bent his way.

XXXIII.

Days, and weeks, and months, and years,
Passed over, and the youth
Still paced the place of love and tears,
Where he had pledged his troth.

XXXIV.

He there might pace till Judgment-day,
Pace he might for ever,
For her he sought in the ruin gray,
Again on earth stood never.

XXXV.

Beneath the Cross in that ruin gray,
The tombs right fronting where
His Eva sat, his manhood's day
Passed, talking to the air.

XXXVI.

And oft he played his harp and sung
The rhymes he used to sing,
And oft her name was on his tongue
In senseless wandering.

XXXVII.

And when at deep sun-set he played
Some plaintive air she loved,
He thought the rocks and woods betrayed
A feeling, and were moved.

XXXVIII.

The hills seemed leaving the dreary posts
They had sentinelled for ages,
And the ravines aroused their minstrel hosts
To march with their chiefs and sages.

XXXIX.

To him the vales more wide did gape,
The Dodder dull had grown,
All things seemed longing to escape
From him, save the Cross alone.

XL.

And Kevin at its base grown old,
A life of calm wo passed,
To it he clung, his silent, strong,
And true friend to the last.

XLI.

Of years threescore, and more, had fled
Since he with joy nigh dumb,
Went forth to meet his Eva sweet
And still, he thinks, she'll come.

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XLII.

It is a glorious close of day :
In light and shade the rills
Gleam fondly in the ruddy ray,
That nears the western hills.

XLIII.

In smiles of light, the heath, the rocks,
Slantwise the sun-beam kissed,
And rested on old Kevin's locks
Of tangled silver mist.

XLIV.

Anticipating twilight's frown,
It came by Merey led,
And wove a supra-mortal crown
Around old Kevin's head.

XLV.

His spectral fingers o'er the strings
In trembling labor went;
The minstrel and the minstrel's wings
Of song, are nearly spent.

XLVI.

Beneath the friendly Cross his soul's
Dear cause he whisp'ring pour'd;
But sighs like his are organ rolls
To the ear of Mercy's Lord!

XLVII.

As one who yearns to live alway,
Eastward he turned his eyes,
With hopes to see from the night of elay
Eternal dawn arise !

XLVIII.

His night fell on him as he gazed,
Ere the sun had wholly fled,
And the sun-crown shone—Oh, God be praised !
O'er the lover-minstrel—dead.

XLIX.

On the spot where he love's passion drank,
On the gray and wiry moss,
And leaning on his harp, he sank
In the shadow of the Cross.



NOTES.

1. "Delightful Glan-nis-mole."

—Part I., verse xvi., p. 11.

Glan-nis-mole, or the Vale of Thrushes, a peculiarly wild, romantic, and picturesque valley in the Dublin mountains. Kippure, the highest of this range, lifts its brown head over all the neighboring hills, at the remote end of the valley. On it the river Dodder takes its rise from three springs, which join a short way down, and thence united, springs into the vale, and commences its wild and devious course. The writer tracked the river to its source, and explored the surrounding hills and glens twenty years ago. The

"Ivy-quilted scanty ruin"

(stanza xxiv.) then standing, was the remains of a primitive Christian church, on the right bank of the Dodder. On the opposite bank the rugged hills and table-lands of Alyagower, Kiltipper, Ballymanock, and the yet more wild Castlekelly, are variously prominent. The "Witched Cornaun," one of the Dublin range, better known as the old hill of Rollinstown, and at present called Montpelier, lies to the northeast of Kippure. As suggested by the name, Glan-nis-mole was famous for thrushes, and has been distinguished as the scene of some poems attributed to Ossian. The title of one of these is, "The Lay of the Tall Woman from beyond the Sea, or the Hunt of Glan-nis-mole."

2. "The sunbeam is shed, through a rose-leaf, red
On a neighboring ceanavaun."

—Part I., verse xxxiv., p. 15.

The ceanavaun, a wild plant, the top of which bears a substance somewhat resembling cotton, and as white as snow.

3. "These crosses, like great note-marks, stand

* * * * *

Referring us to God."

This metaphor was suggested by J. [De Jean] Fraser's lines—

"The stars are asterisks in Heaven,
Referring us to God."

4. "His love was fierce as St. Kevin's hate."

—Part I., p. 22.

The legend of the persistent passion of the fair Kathleen for St. Kevin, and his equally persistent abhorrence of her attention, even to hurling the lovely votaress into the waters of Glendalough, will be remembered by readers of Moore's Melody—"By that Lake whose gloomy shore," and Gerald Griffin's ballad, "The Fate of Cathleen."

5. "His tongue seemed in his fingers."

—Part I., verse lxxiii.

The expression of the hands, in either delight, hate, agony, or scorn, is most powerful. In Raphael's cartoons, especially in Paul Preaching at Athens, The Death of Ananias, The Sorcerer Struck Blind, we can see the wonderful effect of the expression of the fingers. They are all speaking, and in the words of Shakspeare we may exclaim—

"I see a voice!"

The subject is too suggestive to be more than indicated in a note.

6. "the mystic Well,
Blessed by the good Saint Anne."

—Part II., verse x., p. 33.

In a previous volume by the writer "Saint Anne's Well" has been described. A brief extract will be sufficiently explanatory of the allusion in the text:

"The waters are clear and as pure as the soul
Of the Saint that endowed it. Beneath a green knoll
It peacefully slumbers in hallowed repose,
And though always brimming, it never o'erflows;
For a side-long trickle leads off the blest flow,
When its breast is too full, to the Dodder below;
And skirts by the little church Kilmosantan,
Where the green ivy close the old ruin doth span,
And clings like a lover whose constancy wages
A war with old Time—growing fonder through ages!
On these lonely waters the Saint left a spell;
Which faith have the people, and thence to the well
They fly for its draughts; for the power Saint Anne
Bestowed on the spring was, that if mortal man
Was maimed, ill, but faith had, he'd surely get ease,
If he creep from the well to the church on his knees."

—"Faith and Fancy," pp. 69-70.

Its waters are deemed not less efficacious if they can be partaken of by a purgatorial sufferer.

7. "Honey-tongue and Folks-glove."

—Part III., verse xvi., p. 45.

Folks-glove, the fairy, or wee folk's glove. The flower commonly called fox-glove.

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